

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

VOL. III.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

NO. 123.

OLD AND YOUNG.

BY NATHAN D. CUNNEEN.

"Hid, wife! do you mark our Robert there Making love to our neighbor's Kate? Does it bring to your mind no scene as fair In a vision of ancient date?"

"Yes, dear, to be sure! and a scene as pure As there is in its own good time."

But this time, forthwith, it was meant for youth.

"And we are long past our prime."

But watch them well, as they loiter slow, Old wife, through the garden street, Now what does the glass of remembrance show

As a match to their joy complete?"

"Why, just such a pair in an old parterre, In their heyday of love, dear heart! But my young wife, and I'll backward fling A glance on the counterpane."

"There! now its treasure the past unlocks— All's clear in this dreamlike mild. There's a garden, just this, with hollyhocks, As here, in profusion wild, Where, hand in hand, two lovers stand, A droop by a ruined wall."

A youth's proud form with a brow of storm, And a girl's with averted face."

"But his brow clears suddenly, wife, and she Looks up with a smile, I know!"

"Ah, yes; and their love from that moment's strife Burns forth with a brighter glow. Then they kiss with a sob (just look!—there's Rob Caresing his neighbor's Kate!) And she names the day and there's naught to say Or to do but to love and wait."

"The vision fades. You may kiss me, dear!— Love has remained so long, dear heart! We can surely afford some sort of cheer To others that seek the bond."

Ree! Rob and Kate through the garden-gate Are coming to speak their mind. Shall you or shall I make fitting reply? We cannot but be resigned."

—Lodge.

MABEL'S LOVER.

Under the shadow of a great fig-tree a young girl sat in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said, "She is thinking of her lover." But no lover had Mabel Rae. Her pleasure sprang from a far less dangerous source—from the fondle of a tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content, and the lovely waxen flowers, pale, pure, and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic noon drove her to the house, a grand old home, hid among giant live-oaks, gray with the solemn waving Southern moss. She went to the large dim parlor, intending to put her favorites among the damp mosses of the hanging baskets, but the dreary languor of the room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later Mr. Rae opened the door, and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said, "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. A subtle, powerful perfume was his first sensation. Then, as his eyes slowly accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed shutters, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushions piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner, one hand had fallen down, and the flowers gemmed the carpet at her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman half so fair. He stood gazing on Mabel as if he had "seen a vision." There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's young dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensile eyes and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. He was rich, and by nature and birth equally noble; nor was he destitute of the traditional business capacity of his house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proved to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the over green bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her beauty, and was very proud of it, and she had an exquisite voice and great skill in music, and the passing idea of showing his pearl of price to the foreigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for his possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's. Oh, the sweet, warm, love-laden days, when the perfume of the tuberoses and jasmine filled the air when the soft

calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing! It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Mr. Rae would bear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give his daughter a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father. But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young couple's attachment as binding on either side.

"In less than two years I will be here again, Mabel, darling," were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her in his arms, and kissed again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberoses of the summer to his lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many changes. The war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little island plantation was desolate and deserted; Mabel was an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs; claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most unfavorable time. She was driven from her home in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been wronged.

For the first time in all her life Mabel thought for herself, and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annuls all contracts, and surely now if ever it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word, in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him; mails in those days were not certain; and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could ever reach Mabel. And in the meantime she must work; and though Mabel could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher than even the dreary luxurious selfishness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordinary class. I can weave no romance of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill-use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked for neither sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and pining cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very perceptibly on a naturally frail constitution. Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorating climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York.

This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel; by the advice of friends she established herself in a fashionable locality, and commenced teaching music. I think few women could have been more successful; so in the second winter of Mabel's residence in New York it became "the thing" to invite Miss Rae to preside over select social and musical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during that season frequently, and who describes her tact and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful; her dress was uniformly the same—a pale pink lustrous silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her passion for these flowers was stronger than ever.

She had many lovers, but she ignored or else decidedly refused all. Her heart was still with the tall, fair mountain man who had won it amid the warmth and perfume of tropic noon and moon-lit nights; and though twice two years had passed, she refused to believe him false.

And she was right. Allan deserved her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the plantation in the hands of strangers, and Mabel gone. After a long and dispiriting search he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland almost broken-hearted.

But he still loved her passionately, and often on stormy nights when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snows beat at the barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and solemn silence in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate undertones of the mocking birds.

Thus the two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and called vainly.

But it was well, wait, the harvest of the heart will come; and so one day Mabel got a note from a friend announcing her return from abroad, and begging her to be present at a small informal reunion at her home that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her friend rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York, and going to spend the evening with them.

Did fate knock softly at Mabel's soul then? for she blushed, and instantly, as if by magic, there sprang up in her heart a happy refrain, which she could not control, and which kept on singing, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

She dressed with more than ordinary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed before the others had begun. So she sat down in the sun-lighted parlor, saying to herself: "I must be still; I will be calm; for how should I bear a disappointment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none, but that he comes from the same gentry. No, there is no hope."

But still above the doubt and fear she could hear the same chiming undertone, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep, she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Mabel! Your heart has seen further than your eyes. Allan has come at last. "Ah, my darling! my darling! I have found you at last!" was all that Mabel heard as Allan clasped her to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of discontent and sorrow was over, and never more did she have grief or pain unsmoothed or unsoftened for her as she loved.

Under the Microscope.

Dr. Lamb on Monday received the report of the microscopical experts, Drs. Arnold, Shakespeare and McConnell, containing the result of their investigations into the condition of Guitane's brain. After a careful consideration the report was indorsed by Dr. Lamb and forwarded to Philadelphia, where it will be published in a medical journal. The report is couched in language even more technical than the report of the surgical autopsy, and will be almost unintelligible to the average reader. Dr. Lamb declined to express any opinion which he may hold as a result of the examination, saying that from his position and connection with the case it might be given greater prominence than it deserved. It would say, however, that the position taken by Dr. Gidding (that Guitane was insane) would be materially supported by this report. The investigation had been made under peculiarly favorable circumstances and the result would form a complete record of immense value to brain students. The investigation, indeed, Dr. Lamb had been so complete and thorough that specialists would have great difficulty in finding cases which might properly serve as a basis of comparison. In conclusion, he said that he did not believe that the report would cause change of opinions as to Guitane's sanity to any great extent, but the medical fraternity generally must draw their own conclusions, and this was the court of last resort.

A Change Coming.

A retail grocer in a village in the interior, says the *Free Press*, remarked while in Detroit on business that a change in the method of advertising for customers would soon be put in practice in cases like his own. Instead of advertising sugar, coffee and tea at lower prices than ever heard of in St. Louis before, "his idea is to drop in something like this:

"During the winter my grocery will be the headquarters of every man in town who can point out the mistakes of this country for the past twenty-five years."

He will have a full stock of canned fruits and jellies, but instead of advertising them directly he will say:

"Come down and get on my counter and the heads of my sugar barrels and talk politics and tell each other what this country needs to make her great."

He will have boneless codfish, dried beef and sugar-cured hams, but he will call attention to them by saying:

"One hundred old settlers wanted every night in the week to talk about the drought of '49, the panic of '57, the frosty summer of '42, and the warm winter of '58. Cushioned chairs reserved for the biggest liars."

Instead of advertising his new stock of syrups or making any blow about his older vinegar, he will inform the public:

"We talk now. We discuss religion. We jaw over politics. We revise the Constitution of the United States and run several of the departments of government. What we don't know you can't find out anywhere else. Come and loaf and lie with us."

A Secret Success.

One of the chief causes of the excellence of the British team at Creedmoor is said to be the attention they pay to aiming drill. A mark is made on the wall, or, better still, a white window curtain, representing a target as it would appear at any given distance to the marksman's eye. The person practicing then takes a position a few feet from it and aims with the greatest care with his regular weapon, unloaded, of course.

THE ABSURDITIES OF FASHION.

How Two Differently Dressed Men Laughed at Each Other.

(From the Burlington Hawkeye.)

Old Mr. Thistlepod climbed up the broad staircase of marble and rosewood leading to the high-backed Queen Anne editorial room of the *Hawkeye*. His heavy tread fell noticeably upon the Pompadour velvet carpets, and as he sank into a costly escarotie the perfumed light fell through the stained glass tint mienx at the facade of the managing editor's embrasure de cuir, touched the old man's face with a softened over-moon, that seemed like an echo from the stately renaissance that looked down upon the walls. Carefully moving the elegant Louis Quinze *paraport* where the old man could not tip it over with his feet, after his usual habit he should choose to rest them on the carved *Mauviel* *sofet*, the editor asked the honest filler of the soil how was crops in the Flint River country.

"Crops?" echoed the old man. "Well now I want to tell you about crops. Corn's all right, 'cat was better'n usual, 'n' wheat 'just boomed, but you've got a crop of fools in Burlington that'll just lay over any other green thing that ever drew the cows in the State of Iowa."

The managing editor was surprised, and said he hadn't heard such intemperate talk since the prohibition canvass. He added that there were some fools in Burlington, he had heard, but as they were not subscribers to the *Hawkeye* he didn't know much about them, and felt very little interest in them.

"Why, the town's full of 'em," shouted Mr. Thistlepod, who labors under the impression that he can't be heard unless he talks very loud.

"How can you tell they're fools," asked the society editor.

"By their clothes," waved the old man and the society editor said as far as he could under the table and then laid his face flat on his arm, in order to write more easily. "By their clothes," repeated the sturdy old agriculturist. "I gaul, if a boy of mine 'd dress like the young fellers I see in this town, I'd beat some sense into him with a neck yoke. Why it's redik'us, I tell ye it's redik'us. I see a young chap down in the countin' room with a pair o' trousers on him figher's candle moulds—I hope to die if I didn't think he'd stuck his legs into a couple of make stinks. 'N' his coat—by jockey, it wasn't hardly long enough to cover his suspenders; it wasn't, I swanny. 'N' it fit him closer than his undershirt and his shirt collar saved his years every time he turned his head, 'n' he wore his watch chain outside his coat. 'An' he wore a flat hat with a round top, about as big as a coxey. 'An' his shoes I p'inted, do ye know, p'inted like toothpicks, 'n' they was long as pickaxes. To see him skip like a monkey round a white man, 'y gaul, it made me mad, 'n' I awan I wanted to lick him. I declare I did. They're in a Christian man makin' such an outlandish spectacle of himself, 'n' if I ever ketch my boy dressed up in any such a dog gone redik'us, absurd, disgustin' fashion, I'll be gaul wizzled if I—hello, Jasper, are ye waitin' for me?"

And saying good-bye, Mr. Thistlepod accompanied his son down stairs to the wagon. As the old man turned to go, he did not in the least degree resemble the "young feller" down in the counting room. The big felt hat he wore had originally been of some color, but that was years ago. The blue merino band sewed on with black thread was too loose, and a twine string tied tightly around it, caused the hat to bulge out above the band like the dome of a mosque. The hickory shirt, fastened at the collar in severe simplicity with a big horn button, scorned a collar of any kind. The roomy brown vest had four white bone buttons and a black shawl pin, and through the irregular reticulations of the much abraded back the solitary suspender showed through, resolutely clinging to a button and a nail forward. The baggy blue trousers swelled out below the flapping vest into an ample dome, strangely creased and fearfully wrinkled, breaking, as the old man walked, into awful billowy bulges and humps, while one long, deep, diagonal crease showed where the trusty spandor, hauled taut from port to starboard, held everything fast on the quarter. Farther down they bagged in great curving billows at the knees and wrinkled behind; they were brief, and came to an untimely end about four inches before they reached the top of the shoe, and they ended abruptly; same size all the way down and saved square off across the ends. The shoes were not exactly pointed at the toes, and when the old man's feet were not in them you couldn't but which way the shoes were pointed. Jasper was affixed in like manner as his father, only being a much taller man his trousers were correspondingly shorter. As they passed through the staid decorations of the counting room, the man in the lean pants laughed merrily, and Mr. Thistlepod laughed tannantly. The managing editor sank back in his emine cushioned *four de terre*.

WHISTLING FARMERS.—A wealthy old English farmer says that he has always selected his farm hands after putting them through a whistling exercise. He never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with bed or board, complain of extra work, or be unkind to children or cattle. He is thoughtful, light-hearted, economical and good-natured.

"I am afraid," he sighed wearily, "those two people are laughing at each other's clothes."

AS soon as the peach season is over leaves will have their turn.

Salt Water Etiquette.

Most every one in Washington knows Judge Pat Hawes, of Nebraska. The judge is a genial, pleasant fellow, and, though having won for years the judicial emine, is not a whit like the average jurist—stern, stolid and indifferent. On the contrary he is, to use a common phrase, "one of the boys." One day last week the judge, by way of escaping the heat of the city, hid him to Ocean City, where he indulged in salt-water baths to his heart's content.

The second day after his arrival he put on his handsome spangled bathing suit, and was the object of admiration of all the other bathers. He cavorted around in the water with the agility of a cat, and many complimentary remarks were made about the judge's excellent swimming qualities. Two or three gentlemen whom the judge knew were "dunked" by him, and all took it good naturedly. Bye-and-bye, the judge espied a handsome lady who would balance the scales at 190. Going gently up behind her he caught the lady around the waist, and with a tremendous effort threw her half a somersault.

The lady remained under the water about half a minute. When she came up and had wiped the water from her eyes she turned toward the judge and poured a torrent of abuse upon him. The judge apologized the best he could and walked away. He had gone over near his male friends, who had stood off for some distance witnessing the circus business between the fat lady and the judge, when another gentleman came up, and tapping the eminent jurist on the shoulder, said:

"Sir, you dunked that lady over there."

"Yes, sir," said Judge Hawes, "I did."

"But, the gentleman, 'do you know her?"

"No, indeed, I never saw her in my life," responded Judge Hawes.

"Don't you think you assumed a great deal in catching hold of a lady whom you never saw?"

"It never occurred to me that I had committed an indiscretion. I saw the other fellows dunking the girls, and I thought I would follow suit," quickly spoke up the man whose judicial emine had never been spoiled.

"Sir," excitedly said the gentleman, "you own that lady an apology."

"I just apologized to her," said the judge, "but she wouldn't accept it."

"Then you owe me an apology."

"All right," said the judge, "I most humbly ask the pardon of both you and your lady friend, but I'm a Westerner and I'll be hanged if I knew anything about your salt water etiquette," saying which the party broke up, all hands being apparently satisfied.—*Washington Critic*.

A Cape Cod Sketch.

In the rear of Town Hill, at Provincetown, Mass., on the seaward slope of the sand dunes, is the most pathetic burial place that man's necessity ever created. The sea sand drifts among the tombs, tufts of beach-grass takes the place of turf, and the murmur of the sea is never absent from it. The few flowers that bloom upon the graves are planted in soil brought from the marshes, and are kept alive by frequent watering. Perhaps one-third of the sleepers here were victims of the sea. Some were in the navy, some in whale-ships, others in the merchant marine; but the great majority were fishermen who had ventured out in their slender craft on the storm-tossed seas. An old resident approached as I was reading an inscription on a mossy tombstone in memory of an old sea captain and his two sons, "lost at sea September 16, 1846." "Poor fellows," said my friend, "I knew them well. It was to have been the captain's last voyage, for he had a snug home on shore and an excellent wife to share it. The older son was a fine young fellow of 23, who expected to take command of the ship on his next voyage; the younger a lad of 16. They sailed on the brig *Rienzi* on a whaling voyage, and were returning full loaded, when, almost in sight of our harbor, a sudden squall struck the vessel, and, being a tip-top-heavy, she careened in an instant and went down with all on board. The bodies of the captain and several of the crew were washed up on shore a few days after. The captain's funeral sermon, I remember, was preached by the orthodox minister from the text, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved'; and he handled his subject after the manner of orthodox ministers forty years ago. But you never see a poor creature take on so as the captain's wife did. Husband and sons—all she had—taken at a stroke, and no hope of meeting them in the next world either, for she was a professor and they wasn't. She didn't say anything, didn't even shed a tear; but just grew thinner and paler, until in three months' time we laid her away beside her husband."

A QUEER MODE OF SELF-DEFENSE.—Oddest of all defensive methods is that of snapping off the tail. The blind-worm, or slow-worm, is a little snake-like lizard common in the Old World. When alarmed it contracts its muscles in such manner and degree as to break its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. But how can this aid it? The detached tail then dances about very lively, holding the attention of the offender, while the lizard himself slinks away. And for a considerable time the tail retains its capability of twisting and jumping every time it is struck. The lizard will then grow another tail, so as to be prepared for another advance. There are other lizards which have a similar power, though in less degree.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE JOYCE MURDERS.

Ten Men Arrested for the Terrible Crime—The Evidence Against Them.

The Dublin correspondent of the London *Daily News* gives the following account of the evidence given at the inquest in the case of the murder of the Joyce family, near Cong, Ireland:—

It is said that the village where the murders occurred had the reputation of being one of the best in the district, but that on the opposite or north side of the valley, into which runs the northern spur of Lough Mask, were to be found a class of men of the very worst description. This latter district is known as Derryry, and is on the borders of the County of Mayo. It was the scene of the last stage in what has become known as the Carraroe process-verbal campaign in January, 1880. The men in custody charged with the murder all belong to the Derryry district. The men who have come forward as witnesses, and to whom the knowledge of the affair came in the most providential manner, belong to the Maamtrasna side of the valley. The story which these men—three in number, the evidence of a fourth witness being circumstantially corroborative—tell is to the following effect:—The first witness, who lives about four miles from the scene of the murder, was awakened about midnight by the barking of dogs. He looked out because, as he subsequently stated, he thought there was bad work going on or likely to go on. On looking out he saw six men coming from the Derryry side. He ran round to the side of his own house, where, although concealed himself, he was able to see the men who passed. He lay down flat among the potato stalks in his own garden, and unobserved was able to distinguish the men who passed. They were not more than three or four feet from him. Fearing that it was his brother's house that they were going to attack, which was only a short distance off, he ran down through a potato field and reached his brother's house before the men. He roused his brother and his brother's son, and then resumed his watching post, never losing sight for more than a few minutes of the gang. The three men then followed at a safe distance, but still in view; crouching along the fields in such a way that while they themselves ran no risk of being discovered, they could yet keep in view the men whom they were watching.

When the latter reached the house of a man named Casey, about three miles from the scene of the murder, they entered the house and remained a short time. Meanwhile their pursuers took up their places beside Casey's dwelling. In a few minutes they came out, not six men but ten. Leaving Casey's house they proceeded across the fields in a zigzag direction, as the map of the route taken by Sub-Inspector Phillips shows, for the purpose evidently of avoiding inhabited houses; for they did not in the whole of the remainder of the journey come at any time within two hundred yards of any house save one, and that one was not inhabited. Meanwhile the three men who were pursuing them kept at a safe distance, but never lost sight of the gang, and at one part of the way they were able, from behind a ditch, to see the whole of them pass within a few yards.

At this point, about a quarter of a mile in a direct line from the scene of the tragedy, the intending murderers branched off again. To avoid passing close to any houses they made a detour which nearly doubled the distance, but the witnesses by this time probably guessing the object of their vengeance, went straight toward Joyce's house, which they reached before the others. They concealed themselves behind the hedge which is only a few yards from Joyce's dwelling, and which forms as it were one of the boundaries of his farmyard, and remained there until the murderous gang came up. They heard the shooting, the bludgeoning and the screaming which followed. Being unarmed and being three against ten they made no attempt to interfere, but almost immediately and before the murderers came out of the house, they left the scene, anxious to escape with their lives and rejoicing, no doubt, that while they had not been in a position to prevent the massacre, they were in a position to bring the miscreants to their deserved doom.

The ten men who have been arrested are described by the people of the district as "the biggest devils in the country." They are small farmers, who the people say have long been the terror of the neighborhood. The information of these witnesses was taken before the resident magistrate in the presence of the accused. The witnesses gave their evidence with the greatest firmness and without hesitation. All of them have known most of the prisoners for many years, and one of the witnesses has known some of them for thirty-five years. The night was not a moonlight one, but was not dark, and the witnesses state that they are perfectly able to recognize the prisoners and to identify them in the most positive manner, as in the investigation which has taken place they have done.

The witnesses are all staying at the hotel at Cong under the protection of the police, but if the feeling of the people is to be gathered from what occurred they have as their bodyguard the people of the entire district. They were brought into Cong, and proceeded with the resident magistrates and police to the scene of the murder. They pointed out to them the route taken by the murderers and the route taken by themselves. They showed the places at which they had seen the men passing, and the police found tracks of footstep, and of where the pursuing force had lain in

ambush; and the marks in the potato field and up against the ditch, where marks of slipping are visible, corroborated in a most wonderful manner the tale they had previously told, as did also the marks and tracks found on the route which they had described as having been followed by the murderers.

The feeling displayed by the people, as I have said, was most cordial. They shook hands with the witnesses, said "God bless you," and in the strongest terms expressed their gratitude and rejoicing that this audacious gang, which had so long been the terror of the district, had at last been run to earth. I understand that in the course of the investigation the prisoners frequently put questions in a form which only helped to make the evidence against them more conclusive.

Horror of the Gallies.

CUBAN REVOLUTIONISTS SENT TO THE SPANISH DUNGEONS IN AFRICA.

The news has been cabled that Colonel Jose Rodriguez, General Jose Maceo and Colonel Castillo, the Cuban prisoners who escaped from Odis, have been delivered up to the Spanish authorities by the British police at Gibraltar. Mr. Leandro Rodriguez, of New York, on being questioned concerning the matter, said:

Colonel Rodriguez, General Crombet, Colonel Martinez Friere and two other chiefs were arrested at Santiago de Cuba in February, 1879, where they had taken refuge after the Cuban troops had been disbanded. They were sent to Spain and imprisoned. The other leaders expected their turn would come next to be sent into Spanish dungeons, and rather than submit quietly they again revolted. Generals Maceo and Moncada headed the troops of the second revolution.

"What was the final outcome of the revolution?" asked the reporter.

"They carried on hostile operations for a year, when the Spanish Government offered them a vessel to take them to Jamaica or elsewhere where they might choose to go. Maceo and Moncada, with about two hundred of their chief lieutenants, accepted the offer, but instead of being sent away free men, they were put on board a man-of-war and taken to the fortresses in the Spanish-African possessions, where they have been confined ever since."

"That was in 1880. The treachery of the Spaniards was hardly worse than that of the British authorities in giving the refugees up. There seems to be a special spite against Maceo."

"I assume that the fate of men sent to the gallies is an almost hopeless one," said the reporter.

"It means," answered Mr. Rodriguez with emphasis, "something worse than death. Prisoners there are treated with the greatest inhumanity. He will be subjected to the indignity of a ball and chain and lashed while at work. Life in the gallies at Odis is living death."

Beryl's Sudden Change.

"Why are you sad, Beryl?"

The girl turned her head slightly as these words were spoken, and as her lissame figure with its rounded curves and beautiful flesh tints stood sharply outlined, clear and perfect as a cameo in the moonbeams that were falling in a silver spray through the branches of the lindens trees, the sight was indeed a pretty one. George W. Simpson looked at her earnestly a moment and saw that tears were welling up in the dusky brown eyes, and saw that could not be restrained convulsing the girlish form.

"Why should I not be sad?" she said.

"The sweet summer is dying. There are hollows in her fair cheeks; a pathetic droop about the ripe red lips, dark shadows beneath the lovely eyes."

And already across the hazy hills autumn peeped, berry stains on her brown skin, purple vines trailing about her, scarlet buds and golden-rod for the coral and a broken seed for her sceptre. Already the hollows are brimmed with amber haze and the billows crowned with blue smoke. The sun looks languidly through dream clouds; a yellow leaf falls here and there, and some prudent birds fly southward ere yet the first frost makes the fruit ruddy and ripens the hazel nuts in the hedges, ere yet the sun catches some blood-drops from the heart wounds of fainting summer and the aster looks with blue and wistful eyes from its woodland path.

"It is indeed a time fraught with angusts that are mournful," said George, "but surely there is one gleam of hope, one little ray of golden sunshine amid all the mists and clouds"—and, bending over the girl in a loving fashion, he whispered a word in her ear.

A smile chased away the despondent look, and the tears that dimmed her starry eyes were quickly dashed away. Putting her arms around George's neck, Beryl murmured softly and with a look of perfect trust: "You are right, sweet-heart; I had forgotten the oysters."—*Chicago Tribune*.

From Two Bundles.

Mrs. Hunter was carrying two bundles aboard the day boat for Albany, in New York, when Mr. Snyder kindly relieved her of half the burden. On deck they sat down together, and as they talked the Hudson they rapidly grew well acquainted, though previously total strangers. He was a widower, aged 61, and an Ulster County farmer; she was a widow, aged 85, and a seamstress in New York. He asked her to marry him. She was surprised but not offended. She asked for time to think the offer over. Certainly—he would give her until the boat reached Newburg. Then she must go ashore with him and get married, or stay on board and remain single. Just as the plank was about to be hauled in at Newburg, she said, "Yes," and the couple went off with the two bundles. A justice performed the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Snyder traveled on by rail.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A NATURALIST has discovered that it takes a horse-fifty days to hatch from the egg. People who had supposed that it didn't take five minutes thus find themselves way off.—*Detroit Free Press*.

ONE of the regular exercises at normal schools is writing words from dictation and giving their meaning. One of the words given out was "hazardous," which the young lady pupil spelled "hazardous," and defined "a female hazard."—*Boston Journal*.

"What is the key to this great mystery of death?" solemnly inquired the orator, pausing impressively. And the man in the front seat who had been coughing all the evening huskily replied that he reckoned it must be a skeleton key.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

His liped, and his name was Mr. Carr, and one of his family being ill late in the night he ran to the drug store and rang the night-bell. A head appeared at the third-story window, and a voice demanded, "Who's there?" "Mis-ta-Carr," was the reply. "I can't help that; take the next car?" and bang went the window. Repeated rings had no effect, and Mis-ta-Carr came and convinced of the sanity of that druggist.—*Progress*.

HANS was a right good husband, and Gretchen had no cause to complain of him. He seemed most obedient and industrious, and yet when the steamer started before Hans and the luggage were safely on board, he knew that Gretchen was sailing away without

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